

UP GOES THE CURTAIN!

THE NEW THEATRICAL SEASON BEGINS TO-MORROW NIGHT.

Opening of the National and the Bijou—What the Attractions Will Be—Local Gossip and General News of the Theatrical and Musical World.

The National Theatre, all spick and span and freshened up after the long summer vacation, will be reopened to-morrow night for a new season, which, it is believed, will be even more prosperous than the last. That such will prove to be the case can hardly be doubted, for Washington is steadily growing more and more fond of good theatricals, and gives first-class companies increasingly generous support each season. Manager Rapley has provided for his patrons the coming season as good a list of entertainments as could be got, and is confident that among them will be found none unworthy of the attention of intelligent audiences. The entertainment with which the house will be reopened on Monday evening has pleased public curiosity to an unusual degree by its novelty. The title of the troupe which will furnish it is "Herrmann's Trans-Atlantic," and it is made up, the public is assured, of the most artistic and noted vaudeville specialists to be found in all Europe. Each performer, it is promised, will be an artist, and the entertainment as a whole will be free from everything of the nature of rough-and-tumble business and as thoroughly refined. There will be a good deal of very dainty dancing and graceful grotesqueries. The programme includes twelve separate acts, several of them double, triple, and quadruple in form. The troupe includes the great Spanish dancer, Señora Rosita Tejero y Torres, Carmencita's rival, George Holloway, in his marvelous performance on an unsupported perpendicular ladder; the famous Glaseretti troupe of five acrobats, Harry Kennedy, the premier ventriloquist; the Washington trio, grotesque musical eccentrics, from the "Folies Bergères," Paris; Josephine Henley, English vocalist and danseuse; Guyer and Goodwin, comical sketch artists; Mons. Friscoff, premier musical, who makes eight complete changes of costume; Maccini et Tatro, Europe's greatest transformation equilibrist; and Herr Tholen, original electric clown, and his live slinging poodle, "Boulanger." Matinées will be given Wednesday and Saturday.

Albough's Opening Next Week.

All the boys will be out in force on Monday evening, September 1, when pretty and piquant Fay Templeton opens the season at Albough's in her new burlesque of "Hendrick Hudson." The piece, which was written by William Gill and Robert Fraser, authors of "Adonis," which made Dixey famous, is said to be full of fun and diversified with capital specialties, while the costuming and stage setting are dazzling in their brilliancy. The frolicsome Fay is supported by a strong array of comedy and burlesque talent, including Edwin Stevens, the famous buffo comedian; Tom Hanlon and Alice Carle, vocal prima donnas; Estelle Mortimer, Eva Randolph, and Florence Barry, highly accredited burlesque artists; Rose Newham, English skirt-dancer and sensational high kicker, and Alf C. Wheelan, Charles Kirke, and Edward Schnitz Edwards, character comedians. Miss Templeton's management announces that so far as the pleasure of seeing heaps of jewels goes, the public will be gratified, as besides the diamonds seized by the customs officers in New York recently she still has a blazing array of precious gems.

The Bijou's Opening Card.

New paint, gliding, and carpets have made the interior of the cozy Bijou Theatre look very inviting, in anticipation of the opening of the new season on Monday night. Manager Easton's opening bill is "The Broom-maker of Carabana," with James Reilly in the leading rôle. Mr. Reilly is a vocalist, something on the order of J. K. Emmet and W. J. Scanlon, and his acting is to be full of the fun, pathos, and sentiment that characterize the work of those artists. During the play he takes a German and an Irish dialect rôle. The play is full of new songs that are of the simple, tuneful style that the public always appreciates.

Next Week's Bill at Kernan's.

Sheridan and Flynn's Company will make its first appearance on any stage at Kernan's to-morrow night, when a number of new artists will also make their appearance in the garden. The reputation of Sheridan and Flynn does not depend on the most successful song of the day, "Down Went McGinty," which they wrote, but is based on a broader foundation of talent, which finds its strength in delightful Irish comedy. Their new act is said to eclipse all former efforts. The greatest of American jesters, James F. Hoey, is on the list, and promises to fully sustain his reputation. Miss Lee, whose handsome face, shapely figure, and rich voice have won her the title of queen vocalist, always has a number of the latest and most popular ballads. Carr and Tourange, the famous musical artists, will present an entertainment which is the most amusing and enjoyable combination of mirth and music ever attempted. In Dutch character the great Fields is without an equal. Carrie Ezier appears in a number of pretty characters, in which her perfect figure is seen to advantage, and dances with great skill and rare grace. Tom Peasley and Hattie Irving, who appear in a neat little comedietta, are talented artists. The Glenroy brothers, in "Fun in a Gymnasium," present the funniest burlesque sparring act on record. Lewis and Gillett, the acrobats, perform a number of daring feats, as well as accomplish the most difficult head-balancing. George and Marie Nelson present one of their brightest sketches. Among Sheridan and Flynn's new songs are "I Never Liked O'Regan" and "When McGinty Won the Goose," introduced in their latest extravaganza, "Two Old Sports." New features and sparring in the summer garden. No advance; one ticket to all. Ladies' matinees Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday.

IN THE LOBBY.

The sad death of Manager Pat Harris, whose theatrical ventures in Baltimore, Washington, St. Paul, and other cities were among the most important in the country, will not in any way affect the business of the various places of amusement which are controlled. The Bijou in this city is under the management of Mr. Easton, as before, and the other links of Mr. Harris' theatrical chain will not be dropped. The widow of the lamented manager is a capable business woman, and she has an experienced corps of assistants in Mr. Tunis F. Dean, Mr. Britton, and Mr. Easton, all of whom are well-known here through their connection with the Bijou at different times. Mr. Dean is now at the Academy of Music, Baltimore. Mr. Britton is general manager, and Mr. Easton is in charge of the Washington house. Mr. Harris had been ill for eighteen months before his death, and during all that time Mrs. Harris had looked after his extensive business interests with success.

Francis Wilson has much the biggest kind of a hit with his new opera, "The Merry Monarch," produced at the Broadway Theatre, New York, last Monday night, and Washington talent had

no inconsiderable share in the success. Professor John Philip Sousa, of the Marine Band, as already announced in THE HERALD, made the orchestration of the new opera and his work was spoken of in flattering terms by the New York critics, while Wilson himself was enthusiastic about it. The greatest laughing hit of "The Merry Monarch" was, moreover, made by two small but nifty Washington artists, John and Jesse, the colored mokes, whose approaching debut in the metropolis was announced in last Sunday's HERALD. When the pickaninies advanced to the front of the stage at the Broadway Theatre Monday night and began the double-shuffle which so convulsed summer opera patrons at Albough's the past season, the immense audience fairly yelled with delight. It was to the New Yorkers a complete novelty, and this above all things is what the New York first-nighter craves.

Charley Stow, whose youthful face has been made prematurely grave by the million maddening questions that are fired at him through the box-office window of the National Theatre, has returned from his vacation looking brown and healthy. He fled for the summer to the peaceful solitudes of Northern Michigan, where the matinee girl cometh not and the man who gets hot because all seats are not aisle seats ceases from troubling.

It is definitely settled that Wilton Lackaye, of this city, will star the coming winter in the spectacular production of "Nero" which is to be put on the road. Lackaye is now playing with success the part of a gentle tough in McKee Rankin's "Caruck" in New York. Later he appears in an important rôle in "Dr. Bill," a new English comedy, at the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre. Then comes the "Nero" engagement. There are few young actors now on the American stage who keep engaged so far ahead as Lackaye. His services are always in demand in New York, and while reaping lots of glory it is safe to say he isn't getting left on gold.

Notes of the Stage.

Adonis Dixey's recent Chicago engagement is said to have cost his manager a \$20,000 loss.

"The Congressman" is the name of a new comedy written by Will R. Wilson and Julius A. Lewis.

Edie Shannon, the clever actress, has been engaged by Henry Guy Carleton, the dramatist, for life.

Philadelphia is to add another theatre to her already large collection. It will seat two thousand people.

Chicago is to have still another new amusement place, this time a grand opera house to cost half a million dollars.

J. B. Polk will play the title rôle in "Dr. Bill," soon to be produced at the Madison Square Garden Amphitheatre, New York.

The New York Lyceum will open for the season on Tuesday evening with Jerome K. Jerome's play, "The Master of Woodbarrow."

Kate Castleton has become disgusted with her new skit, "Just for Luck," and has disbanded her company, and will not go out for the present.

Manager E. E. Rice has revived the title, "Rice's Surprise Party," and the company which will play "The World's Fair" this season will be known by it.

Augustin Daly's company will sail from England for New York to-morrow. They will have two weeks' vacation after their arrival before beginning the new season.

The Boston Museum will open to-morrow night with an adaptation from the French by Boucicault which bears the remarkable title, "Leave Me Your Wife." Roland Reed will take the leading part.

Following Professor Herrmann's Trans-Atlantic at the National Theatre Gus Williams and John T. Kelly will present their new musical comedy, entitled "U and I," written by Edgar Smith and Richard Carroll.

Franklin Fyles, the noted dramatic editor of the New York Sun, who is especially famous for his stock of tropical adjectives, has written a play called "Overlook," in which Annie Boyd will star the coming season.

Frank Pearson, of this city, who has been singing with success in the Hinrich Opera Company in Philadelphia this summer, will be one of the leading basses in the Hammett Grand English Opera Company next season.

The Fay Foster Burlesque Company, which is backed by a well-known Washington banker, and which will appear at Kernan's September 1, turned hundreds away at Minn's Eighth-avenue Theatre, New York, Monday night.

Charles Coghlan has been engaged by Mrs. Langtry as her leading man for her production of "Antony and Cleopatra" in London in November. Charles had determined to give up the stage, but was called back by the nod of the Lily.

Tom Carl, W. H. MacDonald, and Barnabee, who are known in every city in the country through their connection with the Boston Ideal and later with the Bostonian Opera Company, are about to start an operatic school in Boston.

The London Vanity Fair sums up the abilities of the Daly company in these words: "So far as Shakespeare is concerned, they are very earnest, but the thing is outside of them as a whole. As for their farce, it is funny, but—toutejours perdrix."

Vernona Jarbeau is living in a pretty summer house at Lawrence, L. I., making bread and butter, raising chickens, which she converts into salad and pot-pie as soon as they are ripe, and learning a new play. She has made a lot of money and her heart is as light as her biscuits.

If anything can retrieve the falling fortunes of Margaret Mather those who have undertaken the management of her tour this season will certainly do it. In addition to having Arthur B. Chase as manager, Miss Mather will also have that thoroughly capable gentleman, Mr. Frank B. Cotter, as business manager.

Señora Rosita Tejero y Torres, who will appear with Herrmann's Vaudeville Troupe at the National Theatre to-morrow night, is called in Spain *primera ballerina de rango Español*—that is, the "first lady dancer of Spain." She is the great rival of the famous Carmencita, and is said to be a very beautiful girl. Like Carmencita, she was born in the Canary Islands.

Curious and devious are the ways of the theatrical boomer. Mr. J. D. Roberts announces that he will tour the country this season in his own version of "Faust," which "ran one hundred nights at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia." People who keep track of theatricals will be puzzled by this until they learn that this remarkable run occurred at least twenty years ago.

Fay Templeton and her new burlesque, "Hendrick Hudson," were rather unkindly treated by the New York critics this week. They said that the burlesque was of the traditional type, and that Fay had grown rather stout. People who witnessed the opening performance at the Fourteenth-street Theatre, however, aver that it caught the audience and that "Hendrick" contains plenty of fun.

Miss Annie Gleason, the American girl who opened the Theatre Communale, Milan, three years ago, as high soprano in "La Sonnambula," and has since been singing under name of Mlle. Alameda with Augustus Harris's Royal Italian Opera Company through England, has returned to America, and will be heard in New York this season. She is spoken of very highly by the foreign critics. Mlle. Alameda will hereafter appear entirely under her own name, Gleason.

Minnie Palmer will not, after all, have to fall back on any such comic opera curio as "Olivette" when she makes her debut as a prima donna in New York on September 22. Mr. Minnie Palmer-Rogers has secured for his enterprising spouse, we are told, a new opera, entitled "The King's Page," by that tuneful composer, Genée, author of "Nanon." Of course, "The King's Page" is said to be a gem of purest sparkling ray musically, and with a libretto so convulsively comic that it will have to be slightly toned down before it is sprung on the too-susceptible American public.

Rosina Vokes is making unusually ambitious preparations for the coming season. She has secured the rights of "The Silver Shield" (a satirical comedy) from the author, Sidney Grundy, whose recent successes have put him at the head of English comedy writers. It was a considerable success in England, but has never been played here. In addition to "The Silver Shield," Miss Vokes has added several one-act pieces to her repertoire. One of these pieces is by Clyde Fitch, the young author of "Beau Brummell," and was purchased by her before the Madison Square success gave indications of his literary promise.

ECHOES OF THE ENCAMPMENT.

A Washington Woman's Observations at and About the Hub.

[Special Correspondence of SUNDAY HERALD.] BOSTON, Aug. 20.—The ancient city of Boston was in a state of pleasing distraction during last week. Indeed, such goings on were never seen before in a staid New England community, at least not since that precious load of cold tea was brewed in Boston Harbor, and everybody broke out early the next day with a sudden attack of rebellious fever. Don't tell me that the "peace movement" is likely to bring in the millennium soon, when thousands of flags, streamers, and bunting are flying from flag-staffs over our cities, decorate shipping, and adorn seven-story houses from pitch-roof to the pavement with a gorgeous array of red, white, and blue, and when every man, woman, and child wears the national colors! Once the male human being thought he had a monopoly on the badge as a decorative symbol, and the G. A. R. now enjoys his Loyal Legion star with five points, his division badge, his corps badge, his regimental colors, and his national colors, his State colors, etc., to say nothing of all he can pile on in the way of decorative ribbons, stars, stripes, tassels, and gilt that have a Masonic signification. The badge, however, is no longer masculine in gender. It shines and decorates as grandly and prettily the well-rounded breast of wife, mother, or sweetheart as the manliest bosom of men; and the W. R. C. (that's feminine for woman soldier) wears no less than seven emblems, testimonials of her relations to the new order of things, an order which enables a good woman to be as patriotic and helpful to the old soldier as the soldier who marched away to battle.

The typical Bostonian thawed out his hospitality and dispensed it with a lavish hand upon the surviving saviors of these United States. It was a sight to behold these people from distant States roving around this quaint city of crooked streets and hunting up historical objects of interest. One party composed of men and women visited Bunker Hill Monument, and were overheard bewailing "that they forgot to look for the place where the giant Warren fell and was buried." "The truth is," one said, "we were having such a good time together that we forgot all about that brave young man."

Of course all these happy pilgrims got lost a hundred times a day and had to be found by the police and faced about in the direction they ought to go. The police and other citizens got quite used to performing this kindly office. The other morning three ladies wearing corps badges boarded a Tremont horsecar, and one of them desired the conductor when passing the Common to let her off at Park-street Church, and wondered that he paid no attention to her nods, winks, waving hand, or other signs of a desire to be landed. He simply smiled complacently and went ahead until arriving in front of Tremont Temple, when he rung the bell and stopped with "Here you are, ma'am." "Well," she replied, somewhat astonished, "do believe that you can't think you know where I ought to go better than I do myself." "Of course I do," said he; "all you women with that blue badge on lands here, and here you be, ma'am."

Excursions (to ticket-holders only) on the bay, camp-fires, where the only fire is that of an eloquent tongue, burn brightly at night at Mechanics' Hall, with clam bakes and excursions to Cambridge.

Old Harvard is a Mecca to those who honor learning, and a visit to the old-fashioned home of the lamented sweetest of our poets is a pious pilgrimage which all make with loving and tender reverence.

The tree under which George Washington gathered his revolutionary herds in 1875 is a war-worn old veteran, whose limbs are shorn of their youthful sweep of leafy beauty, and the gnarled old trunk and spreading boughs tell of one side and a grille to keep this tree, sacred to memories of liberty, from going to pieces. It is nothing new to say that Cambridge is the most mossed and loveliest of all the college towns about this centre of the universe, but none has said that we know of that a presuming young Episcopal theological divinity school has dared to invade this spot sacred to Unitarianism. It has two or three picturesque new buildings, and a little chapel wears a green roof, but the Japanese ivy with a grace that no words of mine can express, but which all smacks defiantly of the modern. It is evident that the students do not inspire the highest respect, judging from a remark of a young woman we overtook crossing the green known as College Square. To our inquiry she replied: "Oh, but they are *villains*, those students! They do not all come here to get an education, but to have a good time, and they are mostly always going on larks, spending money, and leaving their board bills unpaid for months. At least that is the way many of them do."

On Friday all the G. A. R.'s and W. R. C.'s went to Plymouth to bow before the rock upon which our forefathers (mine were mothers) struck this virgin soil loaded up to the guards with the thought of religious liberty. Since the landing of the Pilgrims the celebratory rock has had a good many frills added in the way of modern improvements, which add greatly to the pleasure of an historical visit.

Mrs. Kate Tannatt Woods, an accomplished and graceful writer, a most amiable woman, and member of the New England Woman's Press Club, gave a clam bake to the members of the Women's National Press Association, who came on to attend the W. R. C. on Saturday, in Salem. And Mrs. Wood's hospitality was delicately flavored, and dispensed in the midst of one of those historical old houses and grounds for which Salem is so justly famous. The Women's Press members only need a little more practice to render them most clubbable creatures.

The big papers, the *Globe*, *Herald*, and *Boston Journal*, reaped a harvest the past week such as our papers do at inauguration times. They had to double and treble their staff, adding as many as twenty-odd reporters to that branch of enterprise alone. Some of the best fellows in the G. A. R. are editors of papers in the West or elsewhere, and they went home loaded up with many a Yankee notion, full of enthusiasm for the Boston reunion as the biggest army meet since the grand parade in Washington at the close of the war. Now, as then, Gen. Sherman brings forth the most spontaneous and hearty yells of admiration from the vets whenever he so much as shows his gray mustache at a camp-fire or on the street. And "the boys" (they are getting older now every year) have a sneaking admiration for Ben Butler, who with all his faults is every inch a brave man, whom they like for his manliness. E. L. S.

NOTICE!

WASHINGTON, D. C., August 15, 1890. Wishing to retire from business I have this day sold all my interests in the firm of R. K. Plain & Co. to Mr. Lewis G. Tewksbury, Banker and Broker, of New York City.

The business hereafter will be conducted in the name of Lewis G. Tewksbury & Co., Mr. W. B. Hibbs, who has been associated with me for the past eight years, continues with the new firm, and will remain in charge of the Washington office. Mr. Hibbs needs no recommendation, as his integrity and ability is well known, but I take pleasure in recommending my successors to my patrons and the public generally as being in all respects worthy of their confidence and patronage.

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